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HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

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A LESSON FROM LIFE.

Dr. Talmage Eulogizes the Late Justice Stephen J. Field.

Religious Training Laid the Foundation of His Character—The Great Divine's Tribute to a Departed Friend.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.)
Washington, April 23.

One of the most notable characters of our time is the subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse, and the lessons drawn are inspiring. Text, 2 Samuel, 3:38: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Here is a planned eulogy, followed by King David and a funeral oration which he delivers at the tomb. Concerning Abner, the great David weeps out the text. More appropriately than when originally uttered we may now utter this resounding lamentation: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

It was 39 minutes after six, the exact hour of the sunset of the Sabbath day, and while the evening lights were being kindled, that the soul of Stephen J. Field, the lawyer, the judge, the patriot, the Christian, ascended.

Our departed friend came forth a boy from a minister's home in New England. He knelt with father and mother at morning and evening prayer, learned from maternal lips lessons of piety which lasted him and controlled him amid all the varied and exciting scenes of a lifetime and helped him to die in peace an octogenarian. Blot out from American history the names of those ministers' sons who have done honor to judicial bench and commercial circle and national legislature and presidential chair, and you would obliterate many of the grandest chapters of that history. It is no small advantage to have started from a home where God is honored and the subject of a world's emanation from sin and sorrow under constant discussion. The Ten Commandments, which are the foundation of all good law—Roman law, German law, English law, American law—are the best foundation upon which to build character, and those which the boy, Stephen J. Field, so often heard in the parsonage at Stockbridge were his guidance when, a half century after, as a crowned justice of the supreme court of the United States, he unrolled his opinions. Bibles, hymn books, catechisms, family prayers, atmosphere sanctified, are good surroundings for boys and girls to start from, and if our laxer ideas of religion and Sabbath days and home training produce as splendid men and women as the much-derided Puritan Sabbath and Puritan teachings have produced it will be a matter of congratulation and thanksgiving.

Do not pass by the fact that I have not yet seen emphasized that Stephen J. Field was a minister's son. Notwithstanding that there are conspicuous exceptions to the rule—and the exceptions have built up a stereotyped defamatory on the subject—statistics plain and undeniable prove that a larger proportion of ministers' sons turn out well than are to be found in any other genealogical table. Let all the parsonages of all denominations of Christians where children are growing up take the consolation. See the star of hope pointing down to that manger!

Notice also that our departed friend was a member of a royal family. There were no crowns or scepters or thrones in that ancestral line, but the family of the Fields, like the family of the New York Primes, like the family of the Princeton Alexanders, like a score of families that I might mention, if it were best to mention them, were "the children of the King," and had put on them honors brighter than crowns and wielded influence longer and wider than scepters. That family of Fields traces an honorable lineage back 800 years to Hubertus de la Feld, condottor of William the Conqueror. Let us thank God for such families, generation after generation on the side of that which is right and good.

While all parents cannot aspire to have such conspicuous households as the one the name of whose son we now celebrate, all parents may by fidelity in prayer and holy example have their sons and daughters become kings and queens unto God, to reign forever and ever.

Let young men beware lest they by their behavior blot such family records with some misdeed. We can all think of households the names of which meant everything honorable and consecrated for a long while, but by the deed of one son sacrificed, disgraced and blasted. Look out how you rob your consecrated ancestry of the name they handed to you unsullied! Better as trustee to that name add something worthy. Do something to honor the old homestead, whether a mountain cabin or a city mansion or a country parsonage.

Rev. David Dudley Field, though 32 years passed upward, is honored to-day by the Christian life, the service, the death of his son Stephen.

Among the most absorbing books of the Bible is the book of Kings, which again and again illustrates that though piety is not hereditary, the style of parentage has much to do with the style of descendant. It declares of King Abiam: "He walked in all the sins of his father which he had done before him," and of King Azariah: "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that his father Amaziah had done." We owe a debt to those who have gone before in our line as certainly as we have obligations to those who subsequently appear in the household. Not so sacred is your old father's walking staff, which you keep in his memory, or the eyeglasses through which your mother studied the Bible in her old age as the name they bore, the name which you inherited. Keep it bright, I charge you. Keep it

suggestive of something elevated in character. Trample not underfoot that which to your father and mother was dearer than life itself. Defend their graves as they defended your cradle. Notice also that our illustrious friend was great in reasonable and genial dissent. Of the 1,042 opinions he rendered none was more potent or memorable than those rendered while he was in small minority and sometimes in a minority of one. A learned and distinguished lawyer of this country said he would rather be the author of Judge Field's dissenting opinions than to be the author of the constitution of the United States. The tendency is to go with the multitude, to think what others think, to say and do what others do. Sometimes the majority are wrong, and it requires heroes to take the negative, but to do that logically and in good humor requires some elements of make up not often found in judicial dissenters or, indeed, in any class of men.

The Declaration of American independence was a dissenting opinion. The Free Church of Scotland, under Chalmers and his compeers was a dissenting movement. The Bible itself, Old Testament and New Testament, is a protest against the theories that would have destroyed the world, and is a dissenting as well as a Divinely inspired book. The Decalogue on Sinai repeated ten times "Thou shalt not." For ages to be quoted from law books in courtrooms Justice Field's magnificent dissenting opinions.

Notice that our ascended friend had such a character as assault and peril alone can develop. He had not come to the soft cushions of the supreme court bench stepping on cloth of gold and saluted all along the line by handclapping of applause. Country personages do not rock their babies in satin-lined cradle or afterward send them out into the world with enough in their hand to purchase place and power. Pastors' salaries in the early part of this century hardly ever reached \$700 a year. Economies that sometimes cut into the bone characterized many of the homes of the New England clergymen. The young lawyer of whom we speak to-day arrived in San Francisco in 1849 with only ten dollars in his pocket. Williamstown college was only introductory to a postgraduate course which our illustrious friend took while administering justice and halting rufianism amid the mining camps of California. Oh, those "forty-niners," as they were called, through what privations, through what narrow escapes, amid what exposures they moved! Administering and executing law among outlaws never has been an easy undertaking. Among mountaineers, many of whom had no regard for human life; and where the snap of pistol and bang of gun were not unusual responses, required courage of the highest metal.

Behind a dry goods box, surrounded by tallow candles, Judge Field began his judicial career. What exciting scenes he passed through! An infernal machine was handed to him, and inside the lid of the box was pasted his decision in the Pueblo case, the decision that had balked unprincipled speculators. Ten years ago his life would have passed out had not an officer of the law shot down his assailant. It took a long training of hardship and abuse and misinterpretation and threat of violence and flash of assassin's knife to fit him for the high place where he could defy legislatures and congresses and presidents and the world when he knew he was right. Hardship is the grindstone that sharpens intellectual faculties and the sword with which to strike effectively for God and one's country.

Notice also how much our friend did for the honor of the judiciary. What momentous scenes have been witnessed in our United States supreme court, on the bench and before the bench, whether far back it held its sessions in the upper room of the exchange at New York or afterward for ten years in the city hall at Philadelphia or later in the cellar of yonder capital, the place where for many years the congressional library was kept, a sepulcher where books were buried alive, the hole called by John Randolph "the Cave of Trophimus!" What mighty men stood before that bar pleading in immortal eloquence on questions of national import!

How suggestive the invitation which William Wirt, the great Virginian, wrote his friend inviting him to yonder supreme courtroom: "To-morrow a week will come on the great steamboat question from New York. Emmett and Oakley on one side, Webster and myself on the other. Come down and hear it. Emmett's whole soul is in the case, and he will stretch all his powers. Oakley is said to be one of the finest logicians of the age, as much a Phlogon as Emmett is a Themistocles, and Webster is as ambitious as Caesar. He will not be outdone by any man if it is within the compass of his power to avoid it. Come to Washington. It will be a combat worth witnessing." The supreme court has stood so high in England and the United States that the vices of a few who have occupied that important place have not been able to disgrace it, neither the corruption of Francis Bacon, nor the cruelty of Sir George Mackenzie, nor the Sabbath desecration of Lord Castlereagh.

To that highest of all tribunals Abraham Lincoln called our friend, but he lived long enough to honor the supreme court more than it had ever honored him. For more than 34 years he sat in the presence of this nation and of all nations as a model judge. Fearlessness, integrity, devotion to principle, character, truth, no bribe ever touched his hand. No profane word ever scalded his tongue. No blemish of wrong ever marred his character. Fully qualified was he to have his name associated in the history of this country with the greatest of the judiciary.

As at 12 o'clock day by day on yonder hill the gavel falls in the supreme courtroom, and it is announced that the chief justice of the United States and the as-

sociated justices are about to enter, and all counselors at the bar and all spectators rise to greet them, and the officer with the words: "Oyez, oyez, oyez!" announces that all is now ready for a hearing and exclaims: "God save the United States of America," so I wish we could in imagination gather together those who have occupied that high judicial place in this and other lands, and they might enter, and after the falling of some mighty gavel had demanded attention we could look upon them—

Marshall, the giant of American jurisprudence, and John Jay, of whom Daniel Webster said in commemoration: "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay, it touched nothing less spotless than itself," and Rutledge and Cushing and Ellsworth and Joseph Story, called the Walter Scott of common law, and Sir Matthew Hale and Lord Eldon and Lord Tenterden and Sir James McIntosh and Mansfield and the long line of lord chancellors and the great judges from both sides of the sea, and after they had taken their places in our quickened imagination and distinguished cases of centuries which they decided might again be called on, after the assembled nations had ejaculated: "God save the United States of America," "God save Great Britain," "God save the nations."

Ah, how the law honors and sanctifies everything it touches! Natural law. Civil law. Social law. Commercial law. Common law. Moral law. Ecclesiastical law. International law. Oh, the dignity, the impressiveness, the power of law! It is the only thing before which Jehovah bows, but He bows before that, although the law is of His own making. The law! By it worlds swing. By it the fate of centuries is decided. By it all the affairs of time and all the cycles of eternity will be governed. We cannot soar so high, or sink so deep, or reach out so far, or live so long as to escape it. It is the throne on which the Almighty sits. To interpret law, what a profession! What a responsibility! What an excretion when the judge be a Lord Jeffreys! What a benediction if he be a Chancellor Kent!

Have you ever realized how much God has honored law in the fact that all up and down the Bible He makes the judge a type of Himself and employs the scene of a courtroom to set forth the grandeur of the great judgment day? Book of Genesis: "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" Book of Deuteronomy: "The Lord shall judge His people." Book of Psalms: "God is Judge Himself." Book of the Acts: "Judge of quick and dead." Book of Timothy: "The Lord is the righteous judge." Never will it be understood how God honors judges and courtrooms until the thunderbolt of the last day shall pound the opening of the great assize—the day of trial, the day of clearance, the day of doom, the day of judgment. The law of the case on that occasion will be read, and the indictment of ten counts, which are the Ten Commandments, Justice will plead the case against us, but our glorious advocate will plead in our behalf, for "we have an advocate with the Father—Jesus Christ, the righteous." Then the case will be decided in our clearance, as the Judge announces: "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." Under the crowded galleries of cloud on that last day and under the swaying upholstery of a burning heavens and while the Alps and Himalayas and Mount Washington are falling flat on their faces we will be able to understand the significance of those Scripture passages which speak of God as Judge and employ the courtroom of earth as typical of the scene when all nations shall be brought into tribunal.

To have done well, all that such a profession could ask of him, and to have made that profession still more honorable by his brilliant and sublime life, is enough for national and international, terrestrial and celestial congratulation. And then to expire beautifully while the prayers of his church were being offered at his bedside, the door of Heaven opening for his entrance as the door of earth opened for his departure, the sob of the earthly farewell caught up into raptures that never die. Yes, he lived and died in the faith of the old-fashioned Christian religion.

Young man, I want to tell you that Justice Field believed in the Bible from lid to lid, a book all true either as doctrine or history, much of it the history of events that neither God nor man approves. Our friend drank the wine of the holy sacrament and ate the bread of which "if a man eat he shall never hunger." He was the up and down, out and out friend of the church of Christ. If there had been anything illogical in our religion he would have scouted it, for he was a logician. If there had been in it anything unreasonable, he would have rejected it, because he was a good reasoner. If there had been in it anything that would not stand research he would have exploded the fallacy, for his life was a life of research. Young men of Washington, young men of America, young men of the round world, a religion that would stand the test of Justice Field's penetrating and all-ransacking intellect must have in it something worthy of your confidence. I tell you now that Christianity has not only the heart of the world on its side, but the brain of the world also. Ye who have tried to represent the religion of the Bible as something pantheistic, how do you account for the Christian faith of Stephen J. Field, whose shelves of the law library occupied with his magnificent decisions?

And now may the God of all comfort speak to the bereft, especially to her who was the queen of his life, from the day when as a stranger he was shown to her pew in the Episcopal church, to this time of the broken heart. He changed churches, but did not change religions, for the church in which he was born and the church in which he died alike believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen.

An Ingenious Excuse.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer relates that not long ago some young people out in the country who were to give a ball thought they would be badly disappointed because the old man who had fiddled for all their balls as far back as they could remember suddenly lost his wife. She died the very day before the dance was to come off, and the funeral was to take place the day after, so, of course, they gave him up and tried to make the best of things without him. Imagine, then, their amazement when the time for the ball came to see him come marching in just as usual, fiddle and all, and take his seat in the old accustomed place. They were delighted, and yet a little shocked, too, and one of the young men went up to ask him the explanation. "Wall, ye see," drawled the old man, as he twanged his fiddle into tune, "ye see I didn't like 't miss th' dance, an' then it ain't so much, 'cause arter all the ol' lady warn't no blood relation, ye know."

Secrets of Authorship.
If you will take out the magazines that came last month, or perhaps the month before—it wouldn't do for me to specify too closely—you will find in one of them, says a Washington Post item, an article signed by a certain great statesman whom everybody in Washington knows. The editor of that magazine wrote to the great man, asking him to contribute. The great man knew nothing whatever about the subject suggested. He isn't nearly so wise as he is famous, anyway, and he asked a newspaper man to write it for him. The newspaper man was busy, but he spoke to a member of his family, a female member, and she—well, she just exactly sat down and wrote an article that has already been quoted far and wide. The great man received the credit, but I fancy the woman received something more substantial. Anyway, she is wearing a new fur collar that fairly makes one's mouth water.

The propriety of using the expression "more preferable" was recently submitted by the Hartford Courant to the judgment of several college professors. As sometimes happens with experts, the opinions rendered represent both sides with equal learning. One says "more preferable" is illogical and should not be used instead of "more desirable." Another decides that a careful person would not employ it. Others pronounce it pardonable, but ill-sounding, and applicable only to a comparison of degrees of preference. A Yale professor denounces the question as a peace disturber and an assault upon the judgment of the best writers from times immemorial, who have taken full latitude in their comparison of adjectives. After struggling through a column of erudite letters the Courant concludes that "more preferable" is less preferable and that preferable alone is preferable.

Hot air has recently been employed with some success in the treatment of joints which have been stiffened or distorted by chronic rheumatism or gout. The limb is encased in a large cylinder into which very hot dry air is introduced. The temperature of the air within the apparatus is often above that of boiling water, yet patients are said to be able to bear it for several hours without discomfort, and indeed in many cases with positive relief of the pain and uneasy sensation in the affected joints. The treatment must be repeated at moderately frequent intervals, although benefit often follows even one baking.

"Now, children," said a New York kindergarten teacher, calmly when she scented the tell-tale smoke and heard the "machines" rattling below, "the fire engines are in the street and you may all go down and see them if you do so quietly and return soon." Then she had the tots march out in perfect order, singing "Hail, Columbia." The fire, as it happened didn't amount to much, but presence of mind of the level-headed teacher saved a stampede of 700 youngsters. And then, womanlike, the brave girl broke down and had a good cry.

An inventor has hit upon a method of putting stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof glue with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand and spreads it over the leather sole used as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be very flexible and practically indestructible, and to give the foot a firm hold even on the most slippery surface.

A current report says the Presbyterian synod of Missouri has found out that young men supported at college by a church allowance are spending their money for cigarettes and otherwise in riotous living. The miscreants are to be called strictly to account. Here is an example of base ingratitude.

Among the amusing incidents of the election was the nomenclature of some of the candidates nominated by the prohibitionists. They ran for office a Glass in New York, a Lager in Minnesota, and a Swallow in Pennsylvania. All names suggestive of drinking.

Admiral Schley will have all the swords he can use for the rest of his days. The state of Maryland, the cities of Boston and Philadelphia and the members of the Royal Arcanum are each to present him with one.

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